

Lights and Shadows

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Lights and Shadows

1970

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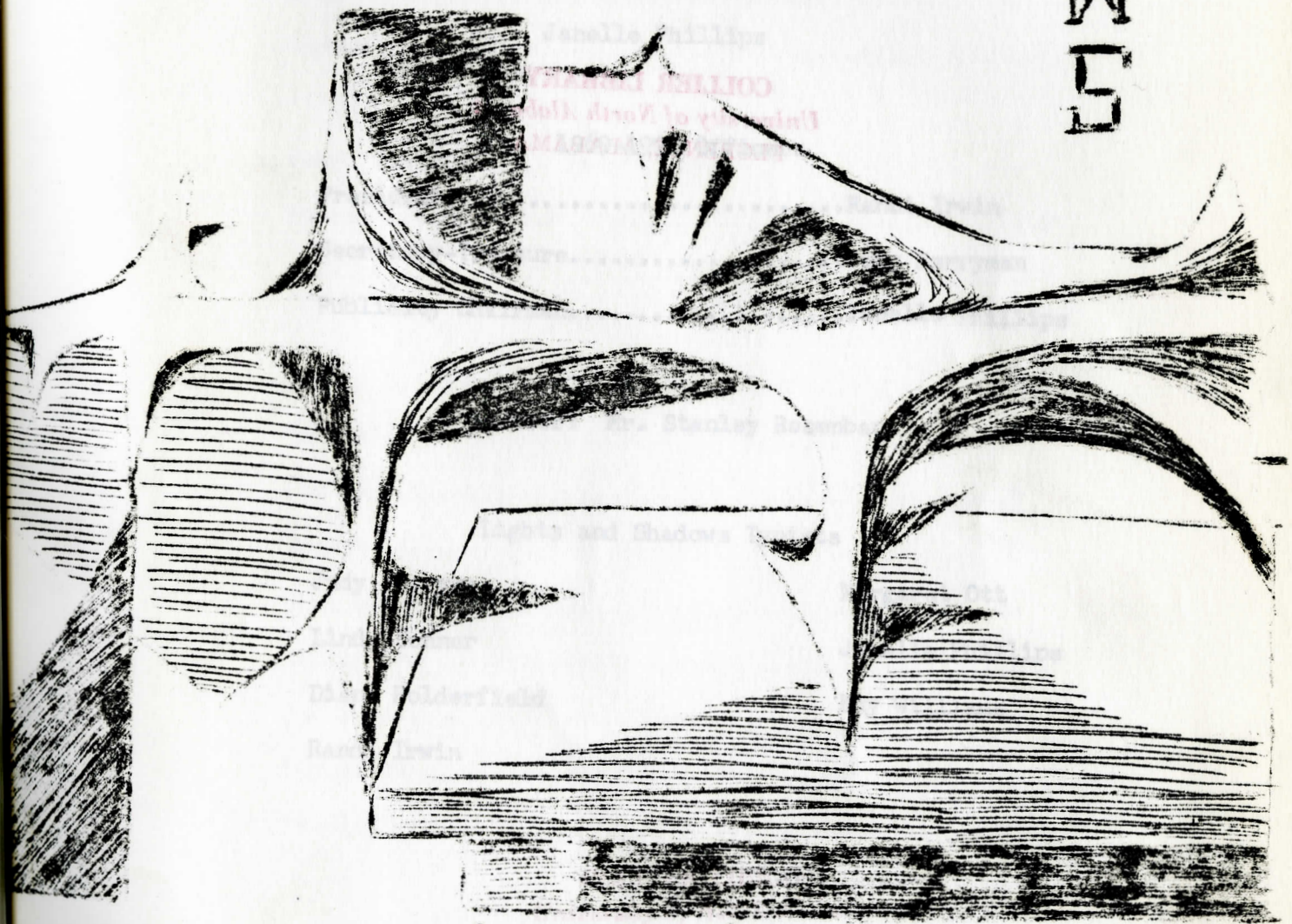
The English Club

Editor

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1970

Lights and Shadows

1970

Presented by

The English Club

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Janelle Phillips

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Lights and Shadows Typists

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Table of Contents

POETRY

Michael Steel, First Prize

If you see Fanny Brawne.....1

Phoenix.....2

Prayer of Mankind.....3

Late Afternoon.....4

They Say.....4

August Song.....5

Henry Christenson, Second Prize

Excerpt from a Longer Poem.....6

Letitia.....7

Ronald L. McDaniel, Honorable Mention

Something More.....9

The Last Time.....9

Sonnet 15.....10

What Color After.....10

Sonnet 16.....11

One Time.....11

Sonnet 20.....12

Desolation.....12

Diane Holderfield	
Pristine.....	13
Roger G. Beyer	
Soliloquy of Surf and Stones.....	14
Lowell Humphres	
The Cave.....	15
Sally Drake	
My Life's Sorrow	16
Thomas L. Fowler	
Astride Two Worlds.....	17
Janelle Phillips	
Tribute to a Writer.....	18

ESSAYS

John Lambert, First Prize	
The Vain and the Proud.....	19
Michael Steel, Second Prize	
What Do You Do When The Play Is Over.....	24

PLAYS

Jackie Sockwell, First Prize	
Corner.....	27
Michael Steel, Second Prize	
The Jackal.....	36

HIGHWAY 1935

First prize, Literary Contest

If You See Jumpy

If you see Jumpy
tell her she's a
whose body
blood-lined
whose hair
whose hair

tell her that his
hands are
and that his last love
was open
in a stanza

POETRY

and that his body is measured
and shall be closed out
when the night tightens

If you see Jumpy
tell her she has lost the
soon his body will be
and he will stretch out
over the horizon
and be carried
in a body

tell her that her bidding
is but her own sweet blood
for he is a grown man

MICHAEL STEELE

First prize, Literary Contest

If You See Fanny Braune

If you see Fanny Braune
tell her about dear John
whose poesy sprouts
blood-lined spume,
whose lungs heave,
whose notebooks gush with plasma

tell her that his
hands grow weak
and that his last love-grip
was spun out
in a stanzaic tentacle

and that his breath is measured
and shall be closed out
when the sextet tightens

If you see Fanny Braune
tell her she has lost the man:
soon his breath will be fickle
and he will stretch out
over the horizon
and be tarried
in book-bound biers

tell her that her budding
is but her own sweet bloom
for he has grown away

Phoenix

when my wings
were ripe with love
I tucked myself into them
until I was smothered
and my anguish broke into explosions -
everything about me
was rotted with fever -

then I grew tame
and when the hot breath
rolled from me
I felt the cold suspension
until my storm-drenched blood
dripped and thawed
and threaded me with morning

Prayer of Mankind

Hello, I am diffused from the matter;

I am an intrusion;

forgive the I am

I am such that

I fill up and blast;

my face runs like blood

through every institution

Every institution that caps and hulls

has thrown me back

and

Hello

I am diffused from the matter;

I am an intrusion;

forgive the I am

ALLEN

Late Afternoon

Late afternoon
people on porches
cars retreating
and a kindling
of patient cigarettes

Late afternoon
bath-time for cowboys
as soft girls
are swimming in mirrors

They Say
"Jungle - you aren't"
say the factory workers
leaning from smoke-stained buildings
"Jungle - you aren't"
say the men from the ghetto
beside the shattered shop windows.
The junkie burning for a fix,
the politician with his promises,
the prostitute obvious on the street,
they all say "Jungle - you aren't"

I AM

says the Jungle
and devours them all

Second prize, Literary Contest

Excerpt August Song
(to Elizabeth)

you remind me my hands climbed over you
 enclosed, in the as your vivid laughter
 the grey float swept me like a fresh shower
 swelling of washed and bodies
 come sweetly
 ran and newly washed in the six expressos near the golf-course
 in the August crisp,
 listen for the tender echo
 and the life was endlessly tedious, endlessly
 black closefit a sweet message of dewy figurelight buttocks
 checking for colors the valley; overnight bitten nails
 in the slender see me springing in the sun off Marble Park in Miami
 blue and white into spirals of joy
 a
 n
 as it were more d
 the mangled arbit catch me
 the nigger boy in your rapid arms
 the Jewess with as rolling eddies of warmth through sunglasses
 the two arrogant bespell us
 your hair reminds me of the aged fungus near the drain
 naturally watery
 turning yellow where the little kid peed in the shallow part of the pool

Second prize, Literary Contest

Excerpt From a Longer Poem
(to Elizabeth)

you remind me of the scoured asbestos poolsides
enclosed in shining newglass buildings
the grey floating water
smelling of washed naked bodies
raw and newly opened in the six cypresses near the golf-course
sex
and the life was endlessly tedious, endlessly
black closefitting bathingsuits showing figureeight buttocks
checking for athlete's foot, copperbright bitten nails
in the slender fingers browned in the sun off Brickle Park in Miami
blue and white flipflops
sex
as it were more or less
the muscled ambitious lifeguard who made all of them
the nigger boy who stole the showering fat man's wallet
the Jewess with fat thighs who read Emerson through sunglasses
the two arrogant boys who couldn't keep their hands off each other
sex
your hair reminds me of the aged fungus near the drain
naturally watery
running yellow where the little kid peed in the shallow part of the pool

Letitia (continued-)
She stood leaning
above the top of the rain-stained stairs
thinking, no doubt, of herself as some Shakespeare's Juliet
but looking more like one of the thousand street urchins
of shadow-and-lightness Seville.

She reminded me of a vanquished Janice Joplin:
the hollows of her eyes really morasses of defeat,
the times her brain dreamed of beautiful things
and awoke reluctantly to reality.

We watched each other as I walked from the street
and the sun played checkers on the green lawn
and when I stood beneath the stairs
she looked down like an unskilled courtesan
and whispered

hello

and I looked at her and answered

are you letitia

and she looked big-eyed behind her round sunglasses

yes

well, hello, letitia, i am glad to meet u

and letitia said then

who are you

and I walked away beneath her

me o i am sweet person

(continued-)

Letitia (continued-)

o sweet percy o sweet percy come here sweet percy
and my mind was filled with the grayness of the trees
and the blandness of the sky
and the fuchsias of life
and I sang over and over and over to myself
songs about sweet william

THE LAST TIME

The last time I was sad
Was not so long ago.
She told me what she did,
And so I let her go.
She told me something more--
That life is more than love--
Before she closed the door,
And left me lonely.

Ronald L. McDaniel
Honorable Mention, Literary Contest

SOMETHING MORE

Out there, somewhere, there must be more
Than darkness and infinity.
The great, exploding, silent roar
Of novae cannot hide from me
The face of something more than death.
I'm trapped with Ozymandias
And all his friends who do not know
That there is something more than us.
I see it in the afterglow
Of nothingness and something too.

THE LAST TIME

The last time I was sad
Was not so long ago.
She told me what she did,
And so I let her go.
She told me something more--
That life is more than love--
Before she closed the door,
And left me hastily.

When darkness comes I shall not be afraid
For I have known the darkness as a friend,
And when in my small cubicle I'm laid,
My fears of darkness will forever end.
Some think that darkness is akin to death,
But maybe death is really more like light.
Some fear the dark will take away their breath,
And leave them cold, enclosed in blackest night.
But, if the darkness meant to do us harm,
It could have done so many years ago.
It could have, stealthily, without alarm,
Crept over all to stay and never go.
Without the dark, there is no rising sun,
And darkness comes so many times--death one.

WHAT COLOR AFTER?

One moment past my last heartbeat, I ask:
What color is the face of Death? I know
That black is better than another hue,
The pretty, hellish colors, red or blue.

SONNET 16

One day, when I am old and all alone,
And when the grave seems but a bed to me,
When all my friends and happy times are gone,
I'll find a solace in my memory.
Then I shall think of woods, and hills, and streams,
Remember with devotion summer's joy.
On hunting trips I'll go, within my dreams,
And relive days when I was just a boy.
I'll think of love and one who's lost to me,
And say again the things I did not mean,
And feel once more the fields of grass so green,
Where we found out how lovely love could be.
But I shall never stop to fear my death,
For I shall call your name with my last breath.

ONE TIME

One time I tried to make a dream
Seem real enough for both of us,
Along the cool and shady stream
That's swollen now with melting snow.
But now I wonder who's to blame
For ruining our happiness.
I found our dreams were not the same,
Yet, since then, I have dreamt no less.

SONNET 20

When I see tracks of deer, I like to think
That Pan has come by on his merry way
Among them, joining in their careless play,
And stopping by the stream with them to drink.
When I hear squirrels barking in the trees,
Or watch the bobwhite dusting in the sand,
I like to think that they can understand
The end of life. The humming of the bees
Is like a song that calls me to a world
Where no sin is, and bids me leave my cares
And woes behind. But war flags are unfurled;
With misty eyes, the old Grim Reaper stares
At all that lives and breathes. He stares at me.
Reality destroys my fantasy.

DESOLATION

The loggers came and went,
But never understood
That they cut more than trees
And wasted more than wood.
I saw my falling world
In a fallen hickory tree
Older than a century
That they killed and left to rot.

DIANE HOLDERFIELD

"Pristine"

We are so close together

Yet so far away

We dare not indulge

In things that would betray.

Betray you my love?

Never in a thousand years

Would I devote myself

To a love that could be so dear

And then,

Betray you my love? Never!

How could I become so satisfied

With things of the world

When all this time, I feel deep inside

A pain that says,

Never, betray you my love!

And of course as time goes along

It seems as the trees, rocks, and the clouds

Come together and form my world, and you---

What? Betray you my love? Never!

But what is this happening? Betray who? My love?

Oh no, I don't understand!

For you see, I have my love inside.

She's Pristine!

RICHARD G. BEYER

Soliloquy of Surf and Stones

Beyond this hill in haunting whispers fanned
By restless winds that moan across the bay,
The pounding surf upon the distant sand
Reverberates the mariner's last lay.
Among crude stones that final mooring marked
And carved in timeless unremembered name,
The fervent questing dreams that once embarked
Now anchor here obscured from lasting fame.
Within this plot of moldy earth confined,
The silent stones toward higher hills are placed,
And on this peak in stark relief are lined,
The hollow mounds that out to sea are faced:
Where sinking fathomless into the mind;
The "All Hand Lost At Sea" now half erased.

LOWELL HUMPHRES

The Cave

It is dark and the candle is new

Where is the match that will light it

In the dark before the light

It is silent with mystery

Take the candle, the match

Away from the shining darkness

Make a bed, a clean room

Quickly bury the match

Softly shine on darkness

No bells ringing loudly

Walls on floors banging

Watch the match closely

Guard the candle until it is old

The darkness is golden

SALLY DRAKE

My Life's Sorrow

My Jimmy comes home tomorrow night.
Oh! What happiness and sweet delight,
So many days, months, and years,
Through so many hours of bitter tears,
And so many, "Thank you's, No,"
To those boys asking me to go
Jimmy, young love, called so soon
By Uncle Sam to bear a wound
And never frown nor even sigh
To always be close, waiting by
To every call, hark, and heed,
Not for one person, but for a world in need.
Oh! Is that Jimmy sauntering down the road?
Is that burden his only load?
A boy, no, a man
Carrying a letter in his hand
He doesn't talk when we meet
He simply looks at his feet
And hands me my life's sorrow
Oh, Jimmy, why couldn't you
have seen tomorrow?

THOMAS L. FOWLER

Astride Two Worlds

Great Saturn's fire did two golbes shake,

When it hurled it's human mold.

Between these two mysterious worlds

Of living blue and deadly gold.

Earth we've now perfected,

Like a poet's finished rhyme,

And now we'll span our universe!...

If our wars don't end all time.

Janelle Phillips

Tribute to a Writer

Life had been drab: the sun had gone out.

Then, you walked into the room.

My heart leaped!

The sun dispersed the gloom.

Studying your serious face, I know without a doubt,

You will accomplish what you want, which is to write;

For how intelligent you are, so sensitive to life,

And being strong, you can weather the strife.

Thus, from the first moment, our minds began to unite.

JOHN LAMBERT
First Prize, Literary Contest

THE VAIN AND THE PROUD

From an existential view, man is defined through his actions. But actions are generally judged on what they appear to be, rather than on what they are; and appearances are often deceiving. If the criteria of a definition is limited to action, the resulting definition may be false. Such is the case with the two qualities: pride and vanity.

On a superficial level, vanity may be defined as inflated or excessive pride, while pride may be defined as self-respect or self-esteem. For the Greeks there was only one crime, that of excess. Though we are not fatalists in the sense that the Greeks were, we still look at excess with furrowed eyebrows and displeasure. Superficially, then, vanity is considered to be a negative quality simply because an excess is involved; and pride is considered to be neutral or positive. But a better definition and a better basis for establishing negative and positive attitudes is needed.

Arthur Schopenhauer in Essays. Personality or What a Man Is says that "Pride is an established conviction of one's own paramount worth in some particular respect, while vanity is the desire of rousing such a conviction in others. Pride works from within; it is the direct appreciation of oneself. Vanity is the desire to arrive at this appreciation indirectly, from without." Both definitions show that both pride and vanity are qualities which are concerned with man's ego. Even acts which might define a man as either proud or vain may be similar. Two men may be dressed

equally well, yet one man may be very vain of his dress while the other is simply proud. An artist may be quite vain of both his skill and creations while another artist may be devoid of vanity in relation to his skill and creations. The vain person can sometimes be differentiated from the proud person because the vain person tends to be more ostentatious. But because pretentiousness is defined in relation to how showy other people tend to be, it would be ludicrous to say that appearance of either dress, or attitude, or action is a definite determinant in differentiating pride from vanity. The factor of differentiation must be found elsewhere.

This factor is found in the motivating forces which underlie the action. It is the motive for acting a certain way that makes pride and vanity very dissimilar qualities. Thus, no matter how similar an act of vanity is to an act of pride, the qualities are not the same; neither is vanity simply a case of excessive pride.

Pride is a person's respect for himself or appreciation of himself as he is. Pride is the acceptance of the self. It involves self-honesty and a cautious indifferent attitude toward social opinion in relation to both societal norms and how the individual is seen by society. Kipling describes the quality in his poem If when he says:

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;

What is the motivating force? There is none--except the recognition of the self and the values that the individual posits above other values. With pride, there is a passive acceptance, not of the social climate, but of the self. There is the acceptance of what the individual can and cannot

do. There is the acceptance of what man is and what he is not. The best example of the proud man is the rebel that Camus describes in his book The Rebel. He is the man who says "'up to this point yes, beyond it no,!'." He is the man who recognizes and acts "in the name of certain values which are still indeterminate but which he feels are common to himself and to all men. . . . He demands respect for himself, of course, but only in so far as he identifies himself with a natural community." Meursault, in Camus' book The Stranger, is a proud man. Similarly, the prostitute in Sartre's play, The Respectful Prostitute, is a proud person. Mohammad Ali, who refused to be inducted into the United States Army, is a proud man. Despite Ali's ostentatious mannerisms, he cannot be considered as a vain person because the motives for his actions cannot be considered as the motives which result in vanity.

Vanity is a disrespect for the self. It is the total absence of pride and self-respect. Self-rejection is at the heart of vanity. In vanity there is a lack of self-honesty. There is a tendency to try to attain either positive recognition by society or social prominence. What is the motivating force? It is the desire to fill the void. It is a desire to create significance or it is, as Schopenhauer says, "The desire to arrive at this appreciation of oneself indirectly, from without."

When man tries to create his own significance, his acts or his creations must be more important than the man. Since the vain man acts to create significance, and it is the acts that define the man, the acts then become more important than the man. Sartre offers the best example of this creation of significance with the concepts of the en soi (in oneself) and the pour soi (for oneself). Basically, the concept of the

en soi is that man is only a form, just as a table or a chair is a form, and that man is nothing more than that until he acts in order to define his existence. It is the defining acts which give life its essence because before man acts to define himself he has no meaning and is nothing more than a form. These defining acts which create man's essence represent the concept of the pour soi. It is this desire to create significance which causes some to "join the Marines and become a man" and others to join the Communist Party, or the church, or the S.D.S., or the Republican Party, or any other cause. For Sartre, man has to be of great significance, so it is for the vain man. The vain man would like to become a god because he is not satisfied with himself as he is. When he rejects himself he forfeits any opportunity to see values which might be common to all men and any opportunity to appreciate himself from within.

To come to appreciate oneself through social approval is another way to fill the void created by a lack of self-respect or pride. Here are the people who think that another person's opinion of them is more important than their opinion of themselves. Here are the social climbers who climb the social ladder only for the purpose of fulfilling a false sense of satisfaction. Here are those who coo to those by whom they wish to be admired, but curse everyone else at the same time. The quality, vanity, belongs to them. But it is not a fulfilling quality. If a vain man loses social approval he feels he has become undefined. He cannot face himself so he turns his back on himself and continues to strive and reach for "the unreachable star." But he cannot reach it, for his unreachable star is only an illusion. It is only an imaginary concept of a goal for which to strive. It is in that manner that vanity works. It cannot be a

self-fulfilling quality because there is no respect for the self.

The beauty of man's ego is found in respect for the self. The reconciliation of the clash between man's unconscious drives and societal values may be represented by a point. If the point is relatively stable and definitely exists, man may rest securely on it and recognize it as true. This stable point that man may rest on is pride. If the point is unstable or non-existent, man may rest on it; but only by using false supports and braces for strength and balance.

MICHAEL STEELE
Second Prize, Literary Contest

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE PLAY IS OVER?
A TREATISE ON THE STEPPENWOLF OF HERMAN HESSE

"One day I would learn how to be a better hand at the game. One day I would learn how to laugh. Pablo was waiting for me, and Mozart too."

Harry Haller, by reflecting the dualism of the novel's title, is both a protagonist and an antagonist; symbolically he is half man and half wolf. In analyzing Steppenwolf, however, it is necessary to discard this dualism as Haller later does.

Haller is confronted with the evidence early. He is given a pamphlet called "Treatise on the Steppenwolf" - a rather clairvoyant manuscript that confronts Harry and challenges his dualistic interpretation of self. So Harry is a steppenwolf? But is this S steppenwolf not his own delusion? Can he really be secure in believing that his will is divided into only two sections? Is he not a man "divided into a thousand pieces?"

This pamphlet was given to him by a man with placards advertising "The Magic Theater." Haller had previously tried to gain entry into the magic theater but he was not successful. Apparently the pamphlet was the first stage of his entry into the theater which "is not for everybody" but "for madmen only."

Haller's other illusion is in his admiration for the "immortals," the enduring figures of the fine arts. He has a religious attachment to the works of Goethe and Mozart. This admiration will be challenged.

The spirit of Goethe, in a dream sequence, tells him:

"You take the old Goethe much too seriously, my young friend. - - - We immortals do not like things to be taken seriously. We like joking. Seriousness, young men, is an accident of time. It consists, I don't mind telling you, in putting too high a value on time. I, too, once put too high a value on time. For that reason I wished to be a hundred years old. In eternity, however, there is no time, you see. Eternity is a mere moment, just long enough for a joke."

When finally, in the spectral climax of Steppenwolf, Harry Haller does enter the "eternity" or timelessness of the Magic Theater, he is fulfilling the price of admission, he is losing his mind. Madness is the state of no immediate norms, the state in which the Self becomes disseminated, the complete realm of human experience. The order of Harry Haller is shattered into a thousand pieces; it is replaced by a world of chaotic longing which includes the full range of love and ecstasy as well as the full range of terror and violence. At this confrontation, Harry longs for the security of his old identity but he cannot regain it. In reaching for immortality he has transcended his normal self and he has experienced the trauma of defining immortality.

He must admit that the desire for immortality is, quite simply, man's flight from death. By attaining immortality, man transcends time. But transcending time does not negate it. Transcendence allows you to become an old man too early. Time catches up.

The Magic Theater is transcendence, a universal goal of mankind. But what do you do when the play is over? What do you do when you attain immortality? Do you become a god? If so, then what is the fate of the gods?

Nietzsche has chronicled the fate of the gods: "They did not fade away, although that lie is told. They merely, once upon a time, laughed themselves unto death." A similar fate belongs to Harry Haller. He suffers the full privilege of the human irony - he goes out laughing.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Taming of the Shrew

Scene

SCENE: The Stage

For guests:

Guest One

Angela

Lula

John, the husband's brother

An angry girl

A girl in a box

ACT: A room, with a wall containing a door in the back.

BACK PROPS: Several large boxes are arranged in the back of the room, each with a **PLAYS** label on it. One big box (with a girl inside) is stage left, with a flower arrangement on top of it. Four frame crates are arranged in a semi-circle toward stage, and there is a record player, with several records stacked beside it, stage right. Prop labels should be placed on the record player, ready to be turned on.

INDIVIDUAL PROPS: Hostess: Hatbox

John: Two red balloons, or strings

Lula: A flower

Angry girl: Long wooden stick

Girl in box: Confetti, paper hat, toy horn

JACKIE SOCKWELL
First Place, One-Act Plays

CORNER

CHARACTERS: The Hostess

Her guests:

Guest One

Angela

Zula

John, the Hostess' brother

An angry girl

A girl in a box

SET: A room, with a wall containing a door in the back.

STAGE PROPS: Several large boxes are arranged in the back of the room, each with an unlighted candle placed on it. One big box (with a girl inside) is stage left, with a flower arrangement on top of it. Four orange crates are arranged in a semi-circle center-stage, and there is a record player, with several records stacked beside it, stage right. Mrs. Robinson should be placed on the record player, ready to be turned on.

INDIVIDUAL PROPS: Hostess: Matches

John: Two red balloons, on strings

Zula: A flower

Angry girl: Long woolen scarf

Girl in box: Confetti, paper hat, toy horn

ACT I

The Hostess, wearing a black skirt and white blouse, appears, lights all the candles and straightens the records. She sits down to wait on one of the orange crates, facing the audience.

The first guest appears at the door and knocks. It is a girl, dressed exactly like the Hostess.

The Hostess hurries to the door, smiling largely, and motions the guest in.

HOSTESS: (Hoarsely) Come in! (She clears her throat and tries again.) Come in!

(The guest enters. She is very straight-backed and formal, and stands stiffly, looking blankly straight ahead.)

HOSTESS: Um, won't you be seated?

(The guest looks at her, blinks, then seats herself on one of the crates, knees together, hands folded in her lap, eyes straight ahead. The Hostess seats herself next to the guest.)

HOSTESS: Um, how are you? H ow--have you been?

(The guest looks at her, blinks, smiles politely, then turns back to look at the audience. The Hostess smiles sadly to herself, and sits like the guest, staring straight ahead.)

GUEST ONE: (Suddenly) Who else is coming?

HOSTESS: (Immediately brightening) Oh yes, of course! Angela!

GUEST ONE: (Doubtfully) Angela?

HOSTESS: (Smiling and nodding) Yes, Angela.

GUEST ONE: (Contemptuously) Angela, Angela. Angela!

HOSTESS: Angela? ("Who, Angela?")

GUEST ONE: (Firmly) Angela. (She leans over and says in a low, confiding tone:) Angela, Angela, Angela!

HOSTESS: (Amazed) Angela!

GUEST ONE: (Nodding emphatically) Angela! Angela!

HOSTESS: (Shaking head sorrowfully, unbelieving) Angela!

GUEST ONE : Angela ("This is Angela"): Ah-be-bop-ah-boop-boop!

(She closes her eyes, slings her head, snaps her fingers.)

Angela!

HOSTESS: (Laughing appreciatively) Ah-be-bop-ah-boop-boop! (She goes through same motions.) Angela!

(They both laugh at their witty imitation of Angela. At the door, a girl appears, dressed like the other two. She slings her head, snaps her fingers, and says "Ah-be-bop-ah-boop-boop!")

HOSTESS and GUEST ONE: (In unison) Angela!

(The Hostess gets up quickly and goes to the door.)

HOSTESS: Come in, Angela!

(Angela walks in and, snapping her fingers, sits on the farthest crate. The Hostess seats herself between the two guests, and they sit, staring straight ahead. Simultaneously, they all turn and smile at each other, then turn and stare ahead again, twisting their fingers.)

ANGELA: (Suddenly) Who else is coming?

GUEST ONE: YES, who?

(The Hostess beams and motions them to come closer. They bend over slightly, heads together.)

HOSTESS: (Whispering) Zula!

(The other gasp and sit back.)

ANGELA and GUEST ONE: Zula!

(The Hostess nods, pleased with their reaction.)

GUEST ONE : Zula, Zula!

ANGELA and HOSTESS: Zula?

GUEST ONE: Zula! Zula, Zula, Zula. Zula!

ANGELA and HOSTESS: (Unbelieving) Zula...

(There is a knock at the door. A girl-hippie is standing there, flower in hand.)

ALL THREE: Zula!

(The Hostess goes to the door.)

ZULA: (Raising her hand Indian-fashion in greeting) Peace!

HOSTESS: (Smiling) Oh, of course!

(Cooly, Zula enters. The other two guests stand up.)

HOSTESS: Sit down.

(They all sit on the floor, ignoring the boxes, staring stiffly straight ahead.)

ZULA: (Raising her hand to the audience) Love.

(In unison, all rise and sit on the boxes.)

HOSTESS: Music?

(They all nod three times in unison. The Hostess goes to the record player and puts on Mrs. Robinson, then joins the others on the boxes. They all sit staring straight ahead .)

(Zula taps one foot i n rhythm to the music. The others join her with the same foot. Zula taps both feet. The others tap both feet. Zula begins snapping the fingers on her right hand in addition to the tapping. The others snap too. Zula snaps the fingers on both hands. The others snap theirs. They continue thusly, silently. Zula begins to nod her head. She shakes her whole body. She slings her head, eyes closed, and stands up. She stands, shaking and swinging, unaware that the others have completely stopped and are staring at her. She opens her eyes, looks at them, and sits down. She still snaps both fingers and taps both feet. She looks at them again. She snaps only one finger, still taps both feet. They continue to stare at her. She stops snapping, keeps tapping both feet. They stare. Zula taps only one foot. They stare. Zula falters, taps weakly a few more times, then stops completely. Still they stare. Zula stands up, faces the audience stiffly, turns, and exits.)

(The others look at each other boredly, then turn back to face the audience. The Hostess laughs hesitantly, then shrugs. The other two make no response. The Hostess goes to the record player, removes the records, then seats herself between her two guests.)

HOSTESS: Um, game?

(Guest One and Angela turn to face her.)

ANGELA: Me first. (She stares blankly at them, and they at her.)

(Suddenly, blurting) War!

(The others smile and nod.)

HOSTESS: That's good. (Leaning forward) Um. Um, Love!

GUEST ONE : Hope!.

ANGELA: Ah--tragedy!

GUEST ONE: Oh, dear. Well--Peace!

(Everyone nods.)

HOSTESS: Hate! (She advances a couple of steps into the room.)

(They all laugh uproariously.)

ANGELA: Fear!

GUEST ONE: Happiness.

(They all sit reflecting, sadly, silently.)

HOSTESS: I know, I know! Cancer!

(They all sigh and murmur, "Beautiful! Just lovely!")

(A man walks past the door holding two red balloons; he is dressed in Army fatigues.)

ANGELA: Who was that?

HOSTESS: Just my brother John. He's home from the War.

BOTH GUESTS: Really?

HOSTESS: Yes. (She goes to the door.) Jo-ohn! Come here!

(John appears with his balloons, and the Hostess leads him by the arm inside to the extra crate. He sits down.)

GUEST ONE: Yes, do. How was the War, John?

ANGELA: (Warmly) How are you, John?

GUEST ONE: Yes, how have you been, John?

(John only smiles sadly and looks at his balloons. They all follow his gaze and stare up at the balloons.)

Suddenly a girl appears in the door, dressed in a heavy coat with a woolen scarf around her neck.)

GIRL: (Screaming) LEAVE!

(Everyone in the room turns quickly to stare at her.)

GIRL: LEAVE! (She advances a couple of steps into the room.)

Leave, Leave! (She flings off her scarf, shrieking, and it lands by John. He bends down silently, picks it up, and carries it to her. They stare at each other. She snatches it from him.)

GIRL: (In John's face) LEAVE! (He doesn't move; no one moves.)

GIRL: (Sobbing) LEAVE! When I say leave, I mean leave!

(Narrowing her eyes) How dare you defy me! LEAVE! (She leans toward John, jaw muscles working.)

(Coldly) Oh, so you're not going to leave, are you?

(Trembling, threatening) All right then-----

(She slumps suddenly.) I'll leave.

(Dragging her scarf, completely defeated, she exits.)

(John returns to his seat, and the others turn to him again.)

ANGELA: Tell us about the War, John.

GUEST ONE: Yes, do. How was the War, John?

JOHN: We had to throw out our Christmas tree, you know. It still had all the icicles on.

ANGELA: Well what about the War?

JOHN: Mother always said, throw out the icicles, too. Can't use them twice, you know. (He fumbles with his balloon strings.)

GUEST ONE: But the War. Tell us about the War!

ANGELA: Yes, did you kill anyone?

JOHN: (His eyes widen and he begins to shake.) Oh, my God! Oh, my God! (He sobs and shakes uncontrollably, and the Hostess leads him out.)

(When she returns, the two guests are staring ahead again. She sits between them and stares. They all cross their legs at the same time and lean forward, elbows on their knees, heads in their hands.

Suddenly the big box in the back bursts open, and a girl emerges, dressed in a bikini.

They turn to look at her. She throws a handful of confetti into the air, says "Happy New Year" very unenthusiastically, and blows one mild "Blat!" on a toy horn.)

ALL THREE GIRLS: No, no, it's Easter!

(The girl in the box is stunned; she drops her arms and hangs her head.)

ALL THREE IN UNISON: Boooooooooooooooooo-----

(The girl climbs dejectedly out of the box and walks, slumped, out the door. The other three turn back to face the audience.)

ANGELA: She was probably a Communist, anyway.

GUEST ONE: Or a Negro.

(The two guests rise, staring ahead. The party is over. The Hostess rises too and walks to the door. The guests turn around and side by side, stepping together, walk silently out the door. The Hostess walks to the center of the stage, facing the audience, arms straight at her sides.)

HOSTESS: (Very suddenly) NOW!

The whole cast comes onstage, and they form a line at the front of the stage. In unison, they sing:

"We wish you a frabjous fruitcake,

We wish you a frabjous fruitcake,

We wish you a frabjous fruitcake,

We wish you a frabjous fruitcake-----"

Here they end, all walk off the stage in different directions.

Only the Hostess remains onstage. She stands until they are all gone, then goes to each candle and blows it out. After the last candle is blown out, she stands silently in the doorway for only a second, staring into the dark, then exits.

MICHAEL STEELE

Second Prize, One-Act Plays

THE JACKAL

a closet drama

Dramatis Personae:

Jake the Cobbler - the creator

Various Devils - the negative incarnation

Phonograph - the jester

The Good Twain - contractors

The Jackal - a scavenger

Time : Twilight

I

Heaven

Jake. Various Devils.

I might shed words with thee.

V. D. Phonograph howls. I recompense.Phonograph. Meister Eckhardt with a blowtorch

he burns out your mind

and your head it begins to happen.

V. D. Phonograph is doing Bob Dylan.Jake. A good ear, that phonographV. D. Wretched is that which you have fashioned.Jake. I have carved them empty,

as if for a fit.

Phonograph. Walking down a side street

I laid eyes on a girl

who was wearing a pound of beauty

let me kiss you said I,

she said haha I'm a shoe,

I put my foot into her.

Twain. Shall you guide me to you at last?Jake. At last.V. D. Listen. Just listen.

Phonograph. and long came a cop
 who bristled and said
 why do you stomp that girlie's face?
 Are you putting out a fire?

Jake. Hither, Twain.

V. D. Again you call the Good T wain.

Jake. Today is good-father day.
 Watch how I till the glad earth.

V. D. Today is slow but a slow boil.
 Watch how I turn with mirth.

Twain. Coming again. What shall we carve.

Jake. Faithful, faithful,
 the Twain are hearty.
 They led loose the Zunis
 from the earthbottom.
 They dwelled in Ishtar and poured
 the tender lotions of Aphrodite.
 Their feats are filling.
 They did erect a cataract
 on the Nile.

V. D. Let them go forth.

My man awaits them.

Jake. Go to Babel and train the road
 and it shall flow to here,
 to H eaven, to Olelpanti.

Twain. Shall you guide men to you at last?

Jake. At last.

V. D. Listen. Just listen.

I I
Earth

Twain. How good is this shape.

How it soothes the heart.

(Enter the Jackal, who is wearing a tuxedo with tails)

Jackal. A fishbowl. Only a fishbowl.

Twain. The Jackal. A sad beast.

Jackal. The fish must stay in water.

They are lost in your bowl.

To let man bloom forever

will negate the bloom.

Let man wither and his

time of bloom will be precious.

Twain. That is sensible.

Jackal. So why rob us, Good Twain.

You are a faithful contractor

but here your faith must wither.

Please let us be.

Your fishbowls will conquer us.

Twain. Do you not know, Jackal,

that unconquered you die.

Jackal. I know.

(The Twain begins to fly away)

Twain. Very well, Jackal.

But the words you speak

shall haunt you.

Jackal. Let them.

They are my words.

(From H eaven, the voice of Jake addresses the Jackal)

Jake. Well done, Jackal.
 Now you may reap.
 Your pattern shall be man's also.
 You who act for self
 have priveleged others.
 You will no longer be
 the only creature
 who is nourished by death.
 This priveledge shall come
 to man as well.

V. D. (laughing)
 Didactic, of course.
 When the jake-spur quick
 is numbed in cells
 we will all be delivered.

CURTAINS